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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON. Editor and Proprietor
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THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the grocery smelling very "homey," and sat down on the chair with the back gone, and looked very tired.

"O, darn the baby. Everybody asks me about the baby as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the darn thing, except to notice the foolishness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby on to a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby 'Old Number Two.' I am 'Number One,' and it pa had a hook and ladder truck and a horse-cart and a fire gong, he would imagine that he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this milk wagon milk, and howls like a dog that's got lost. The doctor told pa the best thing he could do was to get a goat, but pa said since we had him into the house with the goat he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doctor told pa the other kind of a goat, I think it was a Samantha goat he said, wouldn't kick with its head, and pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I couldn't borrow a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend me her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef, for a dollar a week, and paid a dollar in advance, and pa went up in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the darndest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike you couldn't tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Irish woman. We got a bed cord hitched around the Irish goat, and that goat didn't recognize the lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it reared right up, and made things real quick for pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against pa from the first. If there was any places on pa's manly form that the goat did not explore with its head, pa don't know where the places are. O, it lammed him, and when I luffed pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his own goats, when he had a baby, and I let go of the rope and started off, and pa said he knew how it was, I wanted him to get killed. It wasn't that, but I saw the Irish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern-pole. Just as pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and pa yanked, and doubled the goat right up and I thought he had broke the goat's neck; and the woman thought so too, for she jabbed pa with the cistern-pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can get the advantage of pa that way, for ma has tried it. Well, pa explained it to the woman, and she let pa off if he would pay her two dollars for damages to the goat, and he paid it; and then we took the nanny-goat, and it went right along with us. But I have got my opinion of a baby that will drink goat's milk. Gosh! It is like this stuff that comes in a spoiled cocoon. The baby hasn't done anything but hlate, since the nurse coupled it on to the goat hydrant.

I had to take all my playthings out of the basement, to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair, now. The goat got to eating some human candles me and my chum had laid away in the coal-bin, and chewed them around the furnace, and the powder leaked out and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd a died to see pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see, pa can't milk nothing but a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat; and they was just hunting around the basement for the goat, with a tin cup, when the fire-works went off. Well, there was balls of green, and blue,

and red fire, and spilled powder bleazed up, and the goat just looked astonished and looked as though it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled; but when its hair began to burn, the goat gave one snort, and went between pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked pa over a wash-boiler into the coal bin, and the hired girl in among the kindling wood, and she crossed herself, and repeated the catechism; and the goat jumped up on top of the brick furnace, and they couldn't get him down. I heard the celebration, and went down and took pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal-bin, and he said he would surrender, and pleaded guilty to being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad, and said she would milk that goat or die. O, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth two shilling admission to see that hired girl get up on a step ladder to milk that goat, on top of the furnace with pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes, bossing the job. They are going to fix a gang plank to get the goat down off the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. Well, they can run the baby and goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned.

"I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? No drug store this time," and the boy got up and put his thumbs in the armpits of his vest, and looked proud.

"O, I don't know as I smell anything, except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter, and put the red chalk in his pocket, so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside.

"You hit the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable!" said the boy, as he searched around for the barrel of cut sugar, which had been removed.

"Teller in a livery stable! Well, that is a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased, and pointed the boy to a barrel of seven cent sugar.

"Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the huggies, and curry off the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing harness is a little too rich for my blood, but the livery man says if I stick to it, I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it, and sticks up her nose, I shall not yearn to be governor, at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it that wimmen settle every great question. Every body does every thing to please wimmen, and if they kick on anything that settles it. But I must go and umpire that game between pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby?"

"Tain't bigger than a small satchel," and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar when he slipped out and put up a shingle with white chalk, "yellow sand wanted for maple sugar."—Pek's Sun.

Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, says: "The stars that are visible to the naked eye number about 6,000, and there are but about 1,000 others visible in the Southern hemisphere that do not come within the range of vision of people in this State. By the use of an opera glass, the number of stars visible is increased to about 300,000, and the most powerful telescope brings to view 50,000,000 or 60,000,000, a number which, compared with the immensity of space, is not so very very wonderful. Of these stars, about 600,000 are mapped and located, and their number is being added to continually."

A Georgia girl is engaged in the task of eating four large onions, 200 green apples and two bottles of pickles a day. Her friends have no fears that she will fail in the undertaking.

Cataracts is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Cataract Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

MRS. PHIL THOMPSON TALKS.
And Her Story gives the Lie Direct to Miss Buckner.

For some reason, Mrs. Phil Thompson has been kept from the reach of newspaper reporters, by the threats of the Thompson family, it is said, but a Louisville Post reporter by a little strategy, succeeded a few days ago in getting from her own lips, her version of the unfortunate affair in Cincinnati. Mrs. Thompson was found at the house of Mrs. Walter Davis where the interview took place. The reporter says:

When the correspondent called at the slain man's late home he was ushered into the library, where were seated Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Walter Davis, Mrs. Latham, sister-in-law of Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Gov. Robinson, mother of the fair young widow. It was a pitiful picture. Mrs. Davis contrasted strongly with Phil Thompson's wife. The former is young and fair. She is a typical brunette, with a pair of beautiful black eyes and a sweet, innocent expression, which has become intensified by the sorrow and suffering of the past few weeks. Mrs. Thompson has been a very handsome woman, and a few traces of her once remarkable loveliness still remain. The most casual observer would notice that she has prematurely aged, and the history of her married troubles are told in that care-worn countenance. The two women whose lives have been wrecked by the same horrible tragedy, sat in opposite parts of the room, but when they addressed each other it was in the friendliest and most sympathetic terms. Both ladies, and particularly Mrs. Thompson, were taken unawares, and the latter seemed to understand that she had been entrapped by her friends, and the time had come for her to tell what she knew of the distressing occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel on the afternoon and night of the 28th of last November. Yet the lady hesitated to give her version of the affair, and it was only obtained after a series of questions, some of which she left unanswered. During the interview, which lasted for more than an hour, Mrs. Davis and her mother would interject interesting points which had not yet been brought out. Mrs. T. said that she went with her husband to Cincinnati on Monday, Nov. 27, and they stopped at the Burnet House.

Mr. Thompson wrote a note to Jessie Buckner, requesting her to call at the hotel, which she did and took supper with them. Phil ordered his wife's baggage sent to the St. Clair Hotel, and before he departed for Washington his better half left with Jessie Buckner for her rooms at the St. Clair.

"On Tuesday morning Jessie and I went shopping and met Walter Davis. He said he had just come from Harrodsburg. Miss Buckner told him where we were stopping, and invited him to call. His card was sent up about lunch time, and when we emerged from the dining-room he walked to the parlor with us. While we were there Miss Buckner excused herself to go down to the drug store and get some Apollinaris water, and we went up to her room. Was there harum in that? Walter Davis and I had known each other for years. His family and ours were on most intimate terms. We traded at his grocery, and whenever I needed any money my husband always told me to go and get it of Walter Davis. When Jessie returned I was sitting at the piano playing. Presently a card came up for her, and upon it was the name of M. T. Threlkeld, of Harrodsburg, who wanted to see Miss Buckner. The young woman looked at it and contemptuously threw it aside, with the remark, 'I wish every striped pants galoot from Harrodsburg wouldn't come to see Miss Buckner. I am tired of it and won't see him.' Walter Davis went down town with me to telegraph to my little daughter that I wouldn't be home that night. He didn't tell me there was a wreck on the road. My husband didn't tell me when I should go home, but before I left him he gave me some money to do my shopping.

"We went to the St. Nicholas to get some oysters and returned to the hotel at 5 o'clock. I was not drunk and the story of the champagne bottles is an infamous lie. I had on a dress with only two small pockets, and where could I carry wine in them? Walter Davis had purchased three tickets for the theatre that night—for Miss Buckner, me and himself—but Jessie said she had an engagement and didn't go. She offered no protest against my going, but rather insisted upon it, and made the significant remark that she

was a sound sleeper, and it might be hard to wake her when we returned. I arranged my own toilet and Walter Davis called for me and requested Miss Buckner to go with us, as he had a ticket for her, but she persisted in her declination. I believe the theatre was Robinson's Opera-house. But about 9 o'clock I was taken ill and we went back to the hotel. We tried the door of Jessie Buckner's room, but could not wake her. Mr. Davis said: 'There is some one in there. Come to my room and sit by the fire.' The day was cold and it had been mowing during the afternoon and night. I accompanied Mr. Davis to his apartment as entirely innocent of any wrong. He turned up the gas and we chatted by the fire for perhaps an hour. As God is my judge, Walter Davis was not guilty of any wrong. We had hard work the second time to get into Jessie's room, but at last she got up and let me in. The story that I fell helpless on the floor is a falsehood. I took my jewelry off, put it in my jewelry case, placed it under the pillow and went to bed. Jessie Buckner didn't disturb herself at all on my account. Early the next morning I took the train for Harrodsburg, and chatted pleasantly with a number of lady friends whom I met on the route. This is the story of the occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel, and my husband killed an innocent man."

"Do you think there was any one in Jessie Buckner's room the night of the occurrence at the St. Clair, Mrs. Thompson?"

"I most certainly do, and I know who it was, but I dare not reveal the name."

Mrs. Thompson spoke in the kindest terms of Phil Thompson, Sr., and his wife, whom she said had ever treated her kindly, and always said they didn't believe her guilty. Jessie Buckner and John Thompson she declared were the authors of the trouble. "I feel sorry for Phil. I didn't want him punished, but I desired that my fair name should not be sullied and an innocent man held guilty of a heinous crime." The unfortunate lady spoke in touching terms of her children, and particularly her daughter Mattie, in school at Washington City. She showed the reporter a letter from Mattie, dated May 27, in which she told her mama to write often, as she loved her so dearly and was so anxious to see her again.

"My daughter knows why I went to Washington to see her father, and she still stands by her mother."

She would say nothing against her husband, whom she spoke of in the kindest manner, and thought he was prompted to kill Walter Davis by bad advisers.

AS TOLD BY THE HERO.—The following is an extract from a letter written from Texas by a young man formerly of Macon to a friend here: "The other night I went into a saloon where there were eight cow boys who had just got in from a long drive. They crowded around me and asked me to set 'em up. Just out of politeness I set 'em up. When they got through they asked me to set 'em up again, and I refused. They crowded around me, evidently taking me for a sucker, and swore they'd eat me up. I stood my ground and told them if they would let the harkeeper hold their pistols I'd try 'em a few rounds. They took out their weapons and gave them to the barkeeper, and in ten minutes I had whipped all eight of them. They saw I wasn't to be fooled with and we shook hands. Every time I meet a cow boy now he takes all his hat to me."—[Macon Telegraph.]

BEAUTIFUL ACT OF SOUTHERN LADIES.—It is worthy of note that the grave of the only Federal buried in Forsyth Cemetery was not only remembered in the decoration the other day, but it had more flowers than any other grave. A stranger in a strange land, and at the time of his death an enemy, his grave received an abundant floral tribute from the hands of the countrywomen of those who wore the gray.—[Monroe (Ga.) Advertiser.]

Elder William Bloom, a backwoods preacher, who dwells in a log hut in the charcoal district of Rhode Island, distinguished himself some months ago by preaching his own funeral sermon sitting in his coffin, after which the whole company, including himself, got drunk and burned up a haystack near the cabin.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Investigator. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

To The Democracy of Kentucky.

The State Central Committee issues the following address: "The State Central Committee, in discharge of the trust confided to it by the late convention, deems it appropriate to address to you a few words relative to the duties which devolve upon every member of the organization. A State ticket has been presented for your support in the recognized form, against no member of which ought can be said, thereby adding personal recommendation to the formal endorsement and authority of the party. It behooves, therefore, every democrat to see to it that the prestige of democratic victory is not impaired by a reduction in our hitherto well-earned majorities, through the lukewarmness of indifference of a single voter. The over-confidence which results from an assured majority is apt to engender a neglect of the exercise of the high prerogative of the elective franchise, and when once this becomes habitual, danger to our dearest rights is imminent. Our appeal therefore to the vigilant exercise of your right as voters is made from the higher plane of duty as citizens, as well as from the obligation which attaches to you as members of a party organization co-extensive with the Union. The campaign which lies before us, to close on the first Monday in August, is but the precursor of the broader and more important struggle in the Federal arena of next year. From the prominence which Kentucky enjoys in the sisterhood of democratic States, and speaking as she will among the first, the result of our August election will have an important influence upon the hopes or fears of our adversaries. We therefore exhort every man who calls himself a democrat to do his whole duty, both in the campaign and at the polls. Your committee will endeavor to fulfill all reasonable expectations in promoting success, and it asks, as it has a right to expect, the fullest co-operation of the candidates for office, the local committees and the rank and file of the party in the canvass and at the polls.

Assured of this, we look with every hope to an increased majority, both as a vote of confidence in the wisdom and virtue of the democratic party and its principles, and as a forecast of the doom which the American people have in store for the organization which has so long wielded the Federal power. Let the watchword of every democrat in Kentucky be harmony, vigilance and victory.

By the Committee.
J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Chm.
H. T. STANTON, Secy.

"There is something about your daughter," Mr. Wangph said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter." "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I had noticed it myself. It comes every night at 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 11 o'clock. And some of these evenings I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."

It takes a 'oman five times as long ter git it ter bed as it does a man. She has ter cross de flo' a certain number ob times, ar' has ter fumble 'moug de quilts, turn down de lamp too low, an' den go back an' turn it up too high. A 'oman walks mighty light when she's got shoes on, but when she takes 'em off an' walks, she shakes de whole house, like a dog trottin' 'cross a bridge.—[Arkansas Traveler.]

When a lady living Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D., "I happen to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

A Lake Shore locomotive struck Levi Hurst just as he was in the act of taking a drink from a whiskey bottle, while standing on the track. He lodged on the pilot and rode in that position to the next town, where his injuries received attention.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denton's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To cure those you of the great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander Plummer, of Bloomfield, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expellorol the best remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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